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THE
American Sketch Book.

EDITED BY

MRS. BELLA FRENCH.

CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS.



LA CROSSE, WIS.

SKETCH BOOK COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

1874.

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D. E. SEYMOUR, Banker.

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A General Banking Business transacted, Collections made on all points, and Foreign Exchange bought and sold at current rates.

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Wm. B. HANSCOME & CO.,
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Provisions, Dried Fruits &c.,

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FLOUR AND FEED,

AND DEALER IN

ALL KINDS OF

GRAIN.

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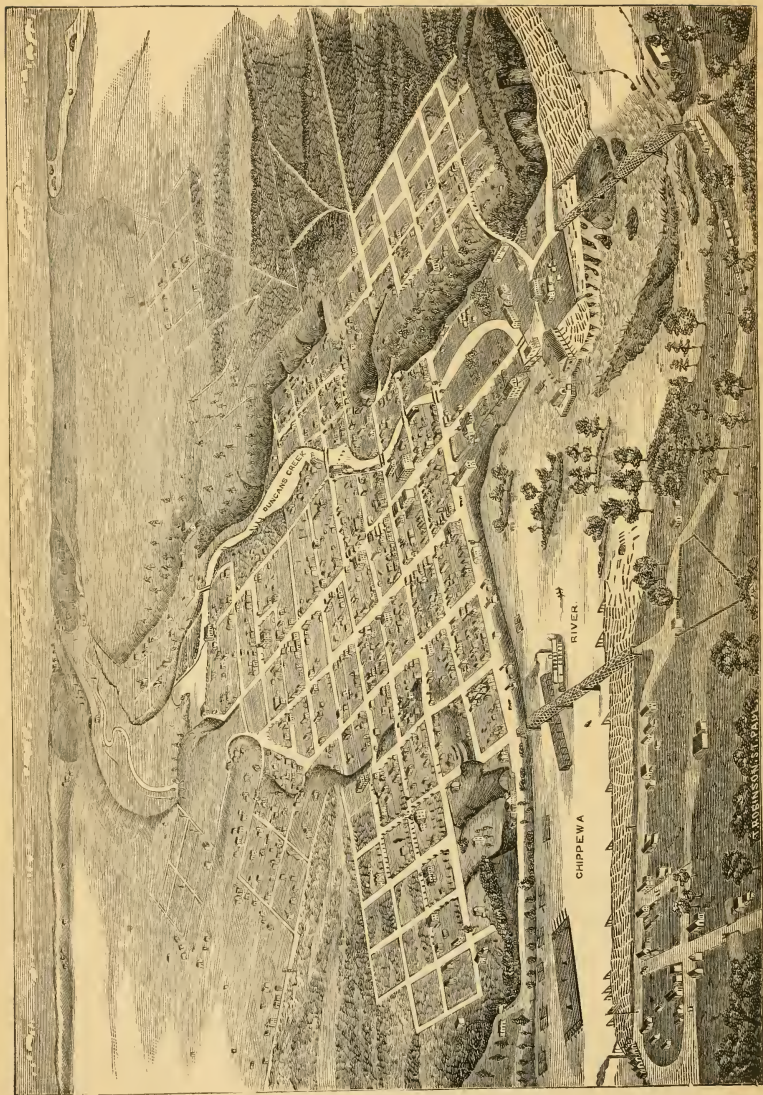
MERCHANTABLE WHEAT.

THE ALLEN MILLS BRAND OF

"SNOW FLAKE"

FLOUR,

IS THE BEST IN THE MARKET.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CHIPPEWA FALLS, WISCONSIN.

A Glimpse of Chippewa Falls.

PERHAPS there is no time that one can so fully appreciate natural beauties—that is, the beauties of earth and sky—as after having been deprived of them for a long period. It had been the misfortune of the SKETCH BOOK editor to be sick, afar from home, in a gloomy room at a hotel, for nearly three months previous to her visit to Chippewa Falls; and as soon as she could leave her bed she made a journey to the enterprising little city, which bears this name; and she may be over partial to the place on account of its greeting her vision so soon after her illness. Be this as it may, it is certain that she never drank in the pure air and sunlight with greater enjoyment, or experienced more delight in viewing sublime scenery. Added to this was a marked improvement in her health after the weariness of the journey was over, which only served to heighten the attractions. It was in the evening that the journey was taken, and when the noble bridge, which spans the Chippewa river at that point, was reached, the full autumn moon, that had made only an hour's travel from the horizon toward the zenith, sent its rays aslant the earth and water, forming a picture, indescribably grand. The falls of the Chippewa are just above the bridge. The waters came roaring down, catching, and widening, and lengthening the moonbeams, then danced away in white-capped waves, that glistened and sparkled, till suddenly lost among the shadows and replaced by others just as varied and beautiful. It is worth a day's travel to view the falls of the Chippewa by moonlight.

The city is situated on the west bank of the Chippewa, on a succession of low hills, rising gradually backward from the river. It is twelve miles north of the West Wisconsin Railroad, connected with Eau Claire by the Chippewa Valley Railroad, now in progress of construction. It is noted for the immense water power, there being a fall of

some twenty-six feet in three-fourths of a mile, over a rocky bottom ; also for being the heart of the valuable lumber business of Chippewa Valley. The county has an area of 2,580,480 acres, 1,580,480 of which are heavily timbered with pine, oak and maple. The soil of the country is fertile, and living streams of water are in abundance. Duncan Creek runs through the city and furnishes several fine water powers, principal among which are the flouring mills, belonging to Edward Allen, where one of the best brands of flour in the State is manufactured. A fine view of the city may be obtained from the Catholic Church. This edifice is reached by a series of steps, ascending through a side-hill grove of magnificent pines to a level table-land, lying on the north bank of Duncan Creek. In the warm October sunlight, so enjoyable in this part of the country, the SKETCH BOOK editor, still too weak for much exertion, climbed this picturesque hill-side. The hectic flush was on the face of creation and told too plainly that the beautiful summer was dying,—the summer from whose glories she had been shut, knowing nothing of it but its heat. How could she let it go, now that she might enjoy it? She asked herself the question, while she reached out her hands that the golden spangles of sunlight might fall on them, never before fully realizing how beautiful the sunlight is. Below her lay the city, gleaming in that same sunlight. The saw mills snorted and puffed, telling of the work within; and busy life was every where apparent. Prominent among the buildings viewed from this point are the new court house, the two new hotels, the Union Lumber Company's store and the First National Bank building. The latter is one of the best for its purpose in Northern Wisconsin. The interior has much the appearance of the banks in our large cities, and one is surprised to see elegant walnut counters with plate-glass and all the convenient appliances for bankers' use. The building was erected in 1873 at a cost of about \$12 000. It is lighted with gas, and has the most approved fire and burglar-proof vaults and safes, and is altogether a decided credit to the young and growing city. Thos. L. Halbert, Esq., is the President of the First National Bank; H. S. Allen, the Vice President; and V. W. Bayless, the Cashier. Chippewa Falls has likewise another bank—D. E. Seymour's, which, we believe, was the first one opened in the place.

The Union Lumber Company is by far the largest business firm in the city. In order to give the readers of the "SKETCH BOOK" an insight into the business of this clock-work institution, we can not do better than to quote from the "Wisconsin Lumberman" which says :

Nowhere in the west can we find a better specimen of enterprise, perseverance and indomitable pluck than in the officers of the Union Lumbering Company of Chippewa Falls. We find three young men, fourteen years ago, taking hold of a vast mill, and making it one of the most successful lumbering companies in the United States. With the rise of the mill, so rose the town; from a small village it has grown into a city of five thousand inhabitants, with a moral and refined people, good schools, numbers of churches, noble looking business blocks and palatial residences. To the officers of the Union Lumbering Company the thanks of the citizens of the entire county are due for their unceasing efforts in making Chippewa Falls what it is to-day. A description of the mammoth store and mill of the company may be of interest to our readers, with a slight history of the rise and progress of the same.

In 1860 the Union Lumbering Company's mill was purchased from the United States Marshal by Messrs. Pound, Halbert & Co. These gentlemen were not possessed of a vast amount of capital, but had what is in many instances far better:—a large amount of business tact and perseverance. They went to work with a strong determination to succeed; how well they have done this it is useless for us to state; for the Union Lumbering Company is known all over as one of the largest and most successful mills in the country.

When a person enters the company's mill for the first time, he is struck with the magnitude of the business that is being carried on. Here you see three hundred men working, each man at his post, everything, in connection with the vast machinery, running with clock-work precision. The size of the mill is 180x200 feet, including the rafting shed. The first floor is devoted to the waterworks; the second floor is used as a rafting and machinery floor; the third is used for the cutting of lumber. On the third floor the active work is done. Here you find the different kinds of saws in full operation. There are two "Live gangs," one "Flat gang" and one "Yankee gang;" one "Muly," three rotaries, six edgers, twelve butters, three lath saws, one picket saw and one shingle mill. In the different gangs there are ninety saws in constant motion.

In twenty-five days in the month of June, 1873, the average amount of lumber cut daily was 325,000 feet; lath, shingles and pickets in proportion, making for the month 8,125,000 feet of lumber, which is the greatest amount of lumber cut in one single month by any one mill in the Chippewa valley under one roof. The firm has cut forty-two millions feet of lumber this year, about fifteen millions shingles and twelve millions of lath. On the ground, adjoining the mill, is a large blacksmith shop, a machine shop and a wood turning shop. In three different shops all the repairs are made to the machinery, when necessity requires it. The company own eighty thousand acres of pine lands, seventy-five thousand of which are uncut pine. The capital stock is fifteen hundred thousand dollars. From 1860 to 1868 the

firm was Pound, Halbert & Co, at which time they organized as the Union Lumbering Company, with the following officers : Thaddeus C. Pound, President ; D. M. Peck, Vice-President ; Albert E. Pound, Secretary ; by which name it has continued up to the present time. The company has recently purchased a yard at Muscatine, Iowa, where they intend making their depot for lumber, besides doing business along the river cities. On the pay rolls of this company there are over five hundred men. The cutting, sawing and rafting are all let by contract. The mill is in charge of A. K. Shaw, who has had the contract for three years for sawing the lumber.

The store, which is one of the finest in the state, and the finest and best arranged in this part of the country, was built in 1869, is three stories high, one hundred feet deep, by sixty feet wide, heated by furnaces and lighted with gas, and is devoted to the sales of general merchandise. Last year the sales amounted to four hundred thousand dollars. Each class of goods has a separate department. Thirty-two men are employed in and about the store. One is inclined to think he is in one of the mammoth dry goods houses of the metropolis, when he enters the store of the Union Lumbering Company. The basement is used for the storage of heavy groceries. The east side of the main building is the dry goods department, where the ladies make their tours to inspect the large and costly stock of goods that are constantly arriving. Mr. M. M. DeLano, the gentleman who has the entire charge of the buying of the goods, is fully alive to the exigencies of the times, and is always on the alert to keep the shelves of the store filled with the latest novelties. On the counters are handsome and costly show cases, which contain toilet articles, fancy goods, jewelry and perfumery. The west end of the store is devoted to the sale of groceries and hardware ; a full line of ladies' and gentlemen's boots and shoes are kept in stock. Ascending a handsome stairway, you turn to the left where a well selected stock of ready made clothing is kept. The merchant tailoring is a large feature of this institution. The cutting is under the charge of one of the most experienced tailors of the State. On the left end of the stairway you find a large stock of carpets, oil cloths and matting. On this floor there are suits of rooms intended for private offices, etc. A large elevator carries all the goods up to the third floor, where they are unpacked, marked and sent to the different departments below. The rest of the third floor is used as a store room, which is completely filled from floor to ceiling with goods.

The "Lumberman" has omitted to notice the general business office of the company, which is a very important feature of the institution. It is a large and commodious room, say twenty feet by sixty feet, and divided into three apartments : one as private office of the Secretary, Mr. A. E. Pound ; another, an adjoining room, for the employes coming to make settlements and receive their pay, and the

larger room for the book-keepers ; the latter being a room within a room, or an enclosure made by the long writing desks in the form of a hollow square, where the head book-keeper, Mr. Thomas C. Rogers, and his three assistants, do the writing and book-keeping of the company. In connection with this is a large fire and burglar proof vault, to receive the records and documents, necessarily no small item in a business of such large proportions.

The store, with its numerous departments ; its gentlemanly cashier, Mr. H. H. Todd ; its clerks and check boys, is one of which any city might be proud, and is certainly appreciated by the people of Chippewa Falls.

The Stanley Brothers have also a large brick store, well filled with various kinds of goods, but the proprietors being away from home at the time of our visit, we were unable to make a tour of inspection.

The new court house occupies a very sightly place, and is an attractive edifice. Its dimensions we are unable to give.

The two new hotels are both large and centrally situated. We can speak of the accommodations of only one, the Central House. Here everything is in perfect order ; here are landlords and landladies who know how to make their guests feel at home ; here too, is a marvel : a clerk who knows his business and attends to it. Some humorist, speaking of a hotel clerk, once remarked, that after said clerk had looked at him five seconds, he could not swear whether he belonged to the clerk or to himself. Mr. Harding does not so impress visitors.

There are many other large firms and fine buildings in the city, but other parties, better prepared and better able, are engaged in writing the history and description of Chippewa Falls, and we will not trespass on their provinces farther than we have already done, by noting these particularly. Our brief stay and limited knowledge would allow us, even at best, to give but a glimpse of this remarkable young city—a rising star in the great west.

Business Directory,

CHIPPEWA FALLS, WISCONSIN.

City Officers.

ALBERT E. POUND, Mayor.

WM. P. SWIFT, Police Justice.

PETER BERGEVINE, City Treasurer.

JNO. P. MITCHELL, City Clerk.

JOSEPH COTA, Chief of Police.

HOLLON RICHARDSON, City Attorney.

ALEX. McBEAN, City Physician.

A. E. POUND,	} Board of Education.
JACOB LINENKUGEL,	
AMBROSE HOFFMAN,	
DANIEL E. SEYMOUR,	
ALEX. McBEAN,	

ALDERMEN.

FIRST WARD.

THOS. J. KILEY.

CHAS. G. ERMATINGER.

G. VAILAINCOURT.

SECOND WARD.

E. LE DUC.

AMOS S. STILES.

J. W. HOWIESON,

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

J. A. BATE, Chief Engineer.

A. J. BATE, Chief, J. A. Taylor, No. 1.

B. HIMMELSBACH, Chief Hook and Ladder Company.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

JNO. F. HALL.

M. C. GANNON.

County Officers.

JNO. J. JENKINS, County Judge.

PETER TRONSON, Sheriff.

PAUL GUYON, Under Sheriff.

ISAAC B. TAFT, Clerk of Circuit Court.

HOLLON RICHARDSON, District Attorney.

HECTOR C. McRAE, County Treasurer.

LEVI F. MARTIN, County Clerk.

W. W. CRANDALL, Register of Deeds.

MYRON P. LUND, County Surveyor.

J. A. BATE, County Superintendent of Schools.

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

D. C. SWAN, Chairman, Chippewa Falls.

B. HIMMELSBACH, Chippewa Falls.

WM. HENNEMAN, Eagle Point.

L. VON ESCHEN, Auburn.

V. E. SMITH, Bloome.

E. B. CRAFT, Wheaton.

J. A. BRAINARD, Anson.

ROBERT MARRINER, Sigel.

H. C. CHUBB, Edson.

W. P. FITCH, La Fayette.

Professional Men.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

Alex. McBean.

Joseph Fortier.

George Riddell.

S. S. Riddell.

I. C. Woodford.

F. A. Reckard.

Jno. A. McDonald.

DENTISTS.

J. Green.

B. Gardiner.

ATTORNEYS.

C. J. Wiltse.

P. H. Foster.

J. M. Bingham.

J. J. Jenkins.

N. W. Wheeler.

R. D. Marshall.

J. S. Carr.

Hollon Richardson.

Arthur Gough.

C. D. Tillinghast.

CIVIL ENGINEERS AND SURVEYORS.

A. P. Dahl,

J. Pumpelly.

J. A. Bate.

Business Firms,*LUMBER MANUFACTURERS.*

Union Lumbering Company, Chippewa Falls.
 French Lumbering Company, Chippewa Falls.
 Aug. Huyssen & Co., La Fayette.
 Jno. Barron & Co., La Fayette.
 Jno. Robson & Co., La Fayette.
 Wheaton Lumbering Company, Wheaton.
 Smith, Brooks & Macauley, Vanville.
 Stanley Bros., Chippewa Falls.
 Jackson Phillips, Jim's Falls.
 Jno. B. Haskins, Cadott Falls.
 Geo. McRoberts & Co., Drywood.
 H. C. Chubb, Edson.

BANKS.

First National Bank, Bridge street,
 D. E. Seymour, Central street.

LOGGERS.

Smith, Halbert & Co.	Coliche Allen.	E. Rutledge
Le Boeuff & Sinnett.	Alex. McLaren.	David Caldwell.
Malcolm Josie,	Nick Weiler.	John B. McDonald.
John Morning	Jos. Trepania.	Peter Lego.

PRINTING HOUSES.

"Chippewa Herald"

"Chippewa Falls Avalanche."

HOTELS.

Central House.	Waterman House.	Wisconsin House.
Cardinal House.	Union House.	Eau Claire House.

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE, ETC.

A. C. McRae, Real Estate, Court House.
 Ambrose Hoffman, Real Estate and Insurance, over First National Bank.
 L. D. Brewster, Real Estate and Insurance, Spring street.
 I. C. Kibbee, Insurance, Spring street.

LIVERY.

A. S. Stiles & Co., Livery, Stage and Express, Spring street.
 E. Flanders, Livery, Central street.
 Blair & Morse, Livery, Bay street.

MANUFACTURERS.

E. Allen, Flour and Grist Mill, Duncan street.
 Allen & Cummings, Planing, Sash, Doors, etc., High street.
 McRae & Co., Planing, Sash, Doors, etc., High street.
 Duch, Dean & Co., Marble Works, Bridge street.
 C. Maillion, Wagon Maker, Bay street.
 Hoenig & Pannier, Wagon Makers, River street.
 W. B. McDonald, Wagon Maker, Duncan street.
 J. H. Langan, Marble Works, Bridge street.
 Wm. Murphy, Boots and Shoes, Bridge street.
 Ben. Curran, Boots and Shoes, Bay street.
 Gilbert Dumas, Boots and Shoes, Bridge street.
 O. Wangnild, Boots and Shoes, Central street.
 John Dunphy, Boat Builder, River street.
 Henry Laycock, Brick Maker, Central street.
 W. H. Stees, Pump Maker, River street.
 R. D. Whitmore, Harness Maker, Spring street.
 O. Vennette, Boots and Shoes, Spring street.
 S. M. Newton & Co., Flour and Grist Mill, Eagle Point.
 John Bender, Flour and Grist Mill, Eagle Point.
 Stanley Brothers, Flour and Grist Mill, Eagle Point.
 Anderson & Cæsar, Harness Makers, Spring Street.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Union Lumber Co. corner Bridge	French Lumbering Co. Bay street.
and Spring streets.	Bronsky & Dalton, Bridge street.
Stanley Bros., Spring street.	A. K. Fletcher, Bridge street.
Glucksman & Pozuanski, Spring st.	E. Le Duc, Central street.
D. C. Swan, Spring street.	Sheldon & Beauchene, Central st.
L. H. Heller, Spring street.	E. E. Wood, Bridge street.
Thomas Phillips, Spring street	Coliche Allen, Spring street.

FURNISHING GOODS.

A. A. Cutter & Co., Spring street.

DRUGGISTS.

Goddard & Co., Spring street. Dettloff & Beauchene, Bridge st.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

J. L. Le Roy, Spring street.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

L. A. Hemenway, Spring street. Staurt Bros., Bridge street.

William Martin, Central street.

MEAT MARKETS.

Squires & Gothel, Spring st. C. B. Holt, Bridge street.

John Dufect, Willow street.

HARDWARE.

Geo. Harding, Spring st Hesketh & Beaudette, Spring st.

FURNITURE.

Geo. Harding, Spring st. A. B. Olmore, Bridge street.

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING.

G. R. Nickey, Central Street.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

N. Johnston, Bridge street. Eugene Corrigeux, Bridge street.

A. O. Hauge, Central street.

GENERAL MARKET.

Halbert & Coleman, Spring street.

BAKERIES.

Fred. Maux, Bay street. B. S. Stevens, Bridge Street.

L. A. Hemenway, Spring Street.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

I. B. Gallaher, Spring street. W. E. Hook, Bridge Street.

JEWELERS.

J. Am. Eckern, Bridge street. Wm. Mercer, Spring street.

G. Cæsar, Spring street.

MILLINERS.

Jennie Dunnigan, Bridge street. Mrs. H. V. Day, Bridge street.

Mrs. L. G. Mills, Spring street.

REAL ESTATE BROKERS.

Ambrose Hoffman, Bridge street. L. D. Brewster, Bridge street.

RESTAURANTS.

C. K. Brown, Bridge street. J. La Mott, Spring street.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

A. B. Manahan, Spring street.

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONARY.

Raymond Bros., Bridge street. Henry Coleman, Spring street.

WINES AND LIQUORS.

M. A. Griffin, Spring street.

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

H. B. Miller, Architect and Builder, Mill street.

H. Laycock, Builder, Central street.

M. J. Howard, Carpenter and Builder.

Webster & Adams, Masons and Builders.

John Cook, Carpenter and Builder, High street.

William Erdman, Mason and Builder, Jefferson Avenue.

Chris. Buckholz, Mason and Builder.

David Ginder, Carpenter and Builder, Bridge street.

BREWERS.

Linenkugel & Miller, Spring Brewery, Jefferson Avenue.

F. Schmidtmeier, River street.

Smith & Son, Spring street.

Charles Billodeau, Ginger Ale and Pop, Central street.

Churches.

St. Mary's Church, (Catholic) Rev. C. F. X. Goldsmith, Allen st.

Zion's Church, (Episcopalian) Rev. M. L. Kern, Bay street.

Methodist Church, Rev. H. W. Bushnell, Island street.

Presbyterian Church, Rev. D. W. Evans, Central street.

German Lutheran Church, Mill street.

Norwegian Lutheran Church, John street.

Secret Organizations.

Masonic Lodge, Spring street. Odd Fellow's Lodge, Spring street.

Encampment, Spring street. Knights of Pythias, Spring street.

Good Templars, Spring street.

Schools.

First Ward, T. J. Kiley, Principal, Allen street.

Second Ward, E. S. Tilson, Principal, Bay street.

MUSIC TEACHERS.

O W. Fox, Bridge street.

May E. Boardman

General Business Directory.

ALLEN, EDWARD, GRIST MILL, on Duncan Creek.

Allen & Cummings, Planing Mill, High street.

Allen, Chas., at Planing Mill.

Allen, Coliche, Merchant.

Anderson & Cæsar, Harness Makers, Spring street.

BINGHAM & JENKINS, Attorneys, over First National Bank.

BATE, J. A., Civil Engineer and Surveyor; residence, Central st.

BREWSTER, L. D., Real Estate and Insurance Agency, Bridge st.

BUSHNELL, REV. H. W., Island street.

Barnett, E. D., Clerk, Seymour's Bank.

Barnett, J. D., Book-keeper, Seymour's Bank.

Bogue, A. R., Clerk, Harding's store.

Bieg, J. F., Druggist with Goddard & Co.

Bowler, M. L. & P., Barbers and Hair Dressers, Spring street.

Buckwalter, D. H., Miller.

Brown, C. K., Restaurant.

Bronsky & Dalton, dealers in General Merchandise, 101 Bridge st.

Bronsky, J. C., with Bronsky & Dalton.

Bayless, V. W., Cashier First National Bank.

Boardman, May E., Music Teacher.

Bonneville & Giroux, Union House Proprietors, Spring street.

Bernier, William, Shoemaker, Prairie street.

Bilodeau, Frank, Shoemaker, Bay street.

Bilodeau, Chas., Wisconsin House Proprietor.

Bell, O. E., Blacksmith and Wagon shop, High street.

Baker, William, Surveyor.

Buckholz, C., Mason and Builder.

Bergevine, P., City Treasurer.

Blair & Morse, Livery, Central street.

CRANDALL, W. W., Register of Deeds.

Cook John, Carpenter and Builder.

Cutter, A. A. & Co., Furnishing Goods.

Carpenter, I. A., Surveyor, Central street.

Carr, J. S., Attorney, office opposite Seymour's Bank; residence,
"Tanglewood," on Central street.

Coleman, Henry, Fruit, etc., Spring street.

Coderre, Louis, Student at Law, with Arthur Gough.

- Caesar, G., Jeweler, 29 Spring street.
Cronk, Henry, Agent for Singer's Sewing Machine, Bridge street.
Clough, F. M., Salesman at Fletcher's.
Coleman, H. B., Book-keeper.
Corrigeux, E., Merchant Tailor, Bridge street.
Cary, T. M., Book-keeper, First National Bank.
Cattelier, F., Carpenter.
Cornell, John, Machinist's Apprentice.
Cumerford, James, Clerk, Union Lumbering Company's Office.
Curran, Ben., Shoemaker, Bay street.
Curtis, W. E., Blacksmith.
Cook, J. H., Tinsmith.
Caldwell, David, Logger.
DELANO, M. M., Superintendent Store Department of Union Lumbering Company.
Dussault, T., Saloon Keeper, Central street.
Duncan, John A., Dealer in Pine and Farming Lands, over First National Bank.
Deutloff & Beauchene, Druggists, Bridge street.
Dalton, W. T., with Bronsky & Dalton.
Dundon, E., clerk with Bronsky & Dalton.
Day, Mrs. H. V., Milliner, Bridge street.
Dunnigan, Jennie, Milliner, Bridge street.
Daily, J. P., Wagon Maker, Bridge street.
Dumas, Gilbert, Shoemaker.
Duch, Dean & Co., Marble Works, Bridge street.
Dunphy, John, Boat Builder, River street.
Dufect, John, Butcher, Willow street.
EVANS, REV. D. W., Central street.
Echern, J. Am., Jeweler, Bridge street.
Erdman, Wm., Mason, Jefferson Avenue.
Ermatinger, C. S., Alderman.
FLETCHER, A. K., General Merchandise, Bridge street.
Foster, P. H., Attorney, Central street.
Flint, A. E., Student at Law.
Flanders, N. M., Livery, corner Bay and Central streets.
Fox, O. W., Music Teacher.
Fortier, Joseph, Physician, corner Bridge and Columbia streets.
GARDINIER, DR. B., Dentist, Office corner Bridge and Central st.

GINTY, GEORGE C., Publisher "Chippewa Herald," Book and Job Printer.

GOLDSMITH, REV. C. F. X., Allen street.

GALLAHER, I. B., Photographer, Spring street.

Gunderman, H. R. Assistant Postmaster.

Goddard & Co., Chemists and Druggists, Spring street.

Gough, Arthur, Attorney at Law, over Goddard's Drug Store.

Green, Dr. J., Dentist.

Glucksman & Poznanski, General Merchandise, Spring Street.

Grossman, N., Tailor with Union Lumber Company.

Grandmaitre, John, Saloon-keeper, Central street.

Groezinger, M., Shoemaker.

Gillmen, G. A., Lumberman.

Ginder, Daniel, Carpenter and Builder, Bridge street,

Guyon, Paul, Under Sheriff.

Griffin, M. A., Liquor Dealer, Spring street.

HALBERT, THOMAS L., President First National Bank.

HOFFMAN, AMBROSE, Abstract of Title and Real Estate Broker,
Office over First National Bank.

Harding, W. L., Clerk Central House.

Harding, Geo., Hardware and Furniture, Spring street near P. O.

Halbert & Coleman, Meat Market.

Hall, John F., Justice of the Peace, corner Spring and Pine streets.

Halbert, H. J., Meat Market.

Hill & Farrell, Wagon and Blacksmith Shop.

Hauge, A. O., Merchant Tailor.

Hook, W. E., Photographer, Hook's Hall.

Hesketh & Beaudette, Hardware Merchants.

Hart, George, Tailor, Union Lumber Company.

Harris, H., Book-keeper, Union Lumber Company.

Hemenway, L. A., Dealer in Groceries and Provisions, Dining Hall
and Bakery, Spring Street.

Heller, L. H., General Merchandise.

Howard, M. J., Carpenter.

JENKINS, JOHN, County Judge.

Jenkins, George P., Clerk with Stanley Brothers.

Jackson, Robert, Millwright, Wolf Prairie,

Josie, M., Logger.

Johnson, N., Merchant Tailor, Bridge Street.

KERN, REV. M. L., Bay Street.
Kibbee, I. C., Insurance Agent.
Kiley, T. J., Principal First Ward School.
LASHWAY, L., Postmaster.
Le Roy, J. L., Boots and Shoes.
Lee, G. J., Clerk with Stanley Brothers.
Langan, J. H., Marble Works, Bridge Street.
Lange, Fred., Miller.
Lafrance, Joseph, Mitchell Hall Proprietor.
Lesage, F., Policeman.
Lockwood, A. J., Central street
LaMott, J., Restaurant.
Langly, L. B., with Union Lumbering Company.
Luce, E. B., with Union Lumbering Company.
Laycock, H., Builder, Central street.
Linenkugel & Miller, Brewers, Jefferson Avenue.
MARTIN, L. F., County Clerk, Court House.
McRAE, H. C., County Treasurer.
McRAE & CO, Planing Mill and Sash and Door Factory.
McRae, Alex., Residence corner Bridge and Cedar streets.
Mack, Charles M., Printer, "Herald" office.
McGilvray Brothers, Dealers in Pine Land, Central House.
Mercer, William. Watchmaker, &c., Spring street.
Martin, William, Grocer and Dealer in Confectionary.
Martin, O. D., Clerk at C. Allen's store.
Manahan, A. B., Book Store, Spring street.
Mills, Mrs. L. G., Milliner, Spring street.
Murray, Thomas, Clerk with Union Lumbering Company.
McDonald, W. D., Wagon and Blacksmith Shop, Duncan Street.
McMartin, P. D., Tinsmith.
Mitchell, Crowley, & Co., Lumbermen.
Murphy, William, Boots and Shoes, Bridge street.
Maillion, C., Wagon Maker, Bay Street.
Miller, H. B., Architect, Mill street.
Miller, Laury, Clerk, Union Lumbering Company.
McDonald, John B., Logger.
Morning, John, Logger.
Marshall, R. D., Attorney, Spring street.
NEWTON & CO, Grist Mill, Eagle Point.

Nickey, G. R., Dry Goods and Clothing, Central street.

Olmore, A. B., Furniture, Bridge street.

POUND, A. E., Secretary Union Lumber Company.

Pumpelly, John, Civil Engineer and Surveyor.

Proudlock, W. C., Miller.

Pierce & Upham, Central House Proprietors.

Peterson, O., Tailor, Spring Street.

Patnaude, N. B., Clerk at Fletcher's.

RIDDELL, Geo. & S. S., Physicians and Surgeons, opposite Seymour's Bank.

Rogers, Thomas C., Head Book-keeper with Union Lumbering Co.

Raymond & Brother, Fruit and Confectionary store.

Reid, R. E., Book-keeper with Stanley Brothers.

Rogers, George S., with Stanley Brothers.

Reading, R. C., Lumberman with Union Lumbering Company.

Robert, John, Carpenter and Joiner.

Rowe, John H., Carpenter and Joiner.

Rutledge, E., Logger.

SEYMOUR, D. E., Banker, Central street.

STANLEY BROTHERS, Merchants and Manufacturers, Spring st
Stiles & Co., Livery and Sale Stables, Express and Stage Line,
Central Street.

Squires & Gothel, Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meats.

St. John, John W., Book-keeper with Union Lumbering Company.

Swan, D. C., General Store.

Sheldon & Beauchene, General Merchandise, Central street.

Smith, F. D., Machinist.

Stees, F. R., Machinist and Mill Wright.

Stewart, G., Grocery Store.

Sullivan, Mrs., Laundry, Bridge Street.

Seydel, J. A., Book-keeper with Union Lumber Company.

Stevens, B. S., New England Bakery, Bridge street.

Smith & Son, Brewers, Spring street.

TODD, H. H., Steamer Line Agent for Chippewa County, also
Cashier for Union Lumbering Company.

Tierney, Pat., Saloon Keeper.

Trepania Joseph. Logger.

Tilson, E. S., Principal Second Ward School.

UNION LUMBERING COMPANY, Manufacturers of Lumber, and Dealers in Lumber and General Merchandise. THAD. C. POUND, President; D M. PECK, Vice President; A. E. POUND, Secretary.

Vennette, O., Shoemaker.

WILTSE, C. J., Attorney and Counselor at Law, opposite Seymour's Bank.

Whitmore, R. D. & Co., Dealers in Harness, Blankets, &c., over Post Office.

Wheeler & Marshall, Attorneys, corner Bay and Spring streets.

Woodford, Dr. I. C., Spring street.

Wadsworth, J. S., General Insurance Agent, Stanley's Block.

Waterman & Sons, Waterman House.

Wessel, Charles, Tinner.

Wood, E. E., General Merchandise, Bridge street.

Wagnild, O. E., Shoemaker.

Zasl, William, Barber, Bay street.



Along with Him to Glory.



A newspaper speaking of the death of Albert D. Richardson, censures him in this wise: "Instead of crying 'Lord have mercy on me, a sinner,' his last words (spoken to his bride) were: 'I bear you with me, darling, on to glory.'"



A ship was set with spirit sails,
The life-tide out was flowing,
All waiting till the Master's voice
Announced the time of going.
A poet's soul was heavenward bound—
A poet's bride was weeping,
Since 'twas so hard to give her love
Into another's keeping.

What winds, and tides, and storms, and waves,
Might rise, in wild commotion,
And wreck the ship with spirit sails,
When bound across Death's ocean !

Yet he cried not : " Oh ! mercy, Lord ! "
But on his bride smiled sweetly,
And said : " I know the Master's skill ;
In Him I trust completely.

" As I love you, so he loves me ;—
'Tis love that brings us near Him.
How can we love, and trust Him, too,
And at the same time fear Him ?

" Love is not fear ; Love is not wrath ;—
The soul which either knoweth,
Can never be the fountain head
From which affection floweth."

His voice sank low, and as he spoke,
The life-tide ebbed the faster,
And one and all were waiting for
The bidding of the Master.

He whispered softly now. Oh ! words
To live in mind and story :
" I bear you with me, darling, mine—
Along with me to glory ! "

Then slowly went the ship to sea,
Its white sails all a-glisten ;
But not a sound came back to her
Who knelt in grief to listen,

Except the echo of the words
He spoke at time of parting ;
Yet who could richer be than she
Who watched the good ship's starting ?

Ah ! who beside the blessed soul
That Heavenward could take her,—
Trusting with perfect love and faith
The goodness of the Maker ?

O, how much grander such a soul
Than one for mercy crying—

Than one that doubts its God through life,
And doubts Him still when dying.
Some day a ship will put to sea,
Earthward returning, never—
Another soul a passenger,
Bound for the great Forever.
Perhaps life's summer will be gone,
And autumn frosts be hoary,
Yet may that faithful soul bear mine
Along with him to glory!—BELLA FRENCH.

Growth of Religion at Chippewa Falls.

THE CATHOLIC SOCIETY.

THE first religious society organized at Chippewa Falls, was the Catholic. The old church, a frame building, still standing and now used for school purposes, was built on a lot adjoining the court house square of the first registered plat of the village of Chippewa Falls. The lot was presented to the Catholic society in the year 1855 by H. S. Allen, Esq., whose wife is a member of that society. The building, the first church edifice of any kind in the valley, was raised in the year 1856; but a storm blew it down, and it was not until the following year, 1857, that services were held therein.

The few Catholics of the village were attended occasionally by the pioneer missionaries of the west, until the year 1859, when they obtained their first resident pastor, who attended about twelve counties, down to the Mississippi river, up to Lake Superior, a district in which seven priests now reside.

In the year 1869, Rev. C. F. X. Goldsmith was appointed to take charge of the society at Chippewa Falls. He is represented as a young man of more than ordinary ability and energy. During his first year at Chippewa Falls he commenced the erection of the fine stone edifice now known as the Catholic Church, and situated in the

most picturesque portion of the city. It was completed in 1872, at a cost of \$40,000. But the parish is steadily increasing, and even the large new church no longer affords sufficient sitting room, which necessitates double service on Sunday. It is believed that the time is not far distant when there will have to be a church for each of the three languages, French, English and German, the people of which are now worshipping at one church.

The parish numbers about two thousand adults. The number of baptisms in the past year was one hundred and eighty-four. Marriages, thirty-two; interments, forty-nine.

Services every Sunday and holiday, viz.: At 8 A. M. with a German sermon; at 10:30 A. M. with French or English sermon. Biblical and catechetical instructions from 2 to 3 P. M. Vespers at 3 P. M. Evening services during the summer months and *Lect* at 7 P. M. Mass every morning at 8 A. M.

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THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

This, the first Presbyterian and first Protestant church at Chippewa Falls, was organized in the summer of 1855. The Rev. William McNair visited this point from Eau Claire, and preached every other Sabbath morning in the old log cabin which served the double purpose of school house and sanctuary. It stood near Mr. Van Name's residence, but has long since disappeared. The growth of population soon demanded other and larger accommodations. Meanwhile the Rev. Mr. Phillips came from Mineral Point and immediately commenced the erection of the present church building, which was completed two years afterwards, 1868. Some aid was obtained from the East, and the citizens here had a "mind for the work," and contributed liberally of their means. Great credit is due to H. S. Allen, Esq., and the Rev. Mr. Phillips, who is now pastor of the Presbyterian church at Hudson, for their unwearied labor in rearing this place of worship at that early day.

Mr. Phillips won for himself the affectionate regard of all the people and remained pastor of the church for eleven years. He closed his labors in 1868, and was followed by Rev. George W. Wainwright, from Sheboygan Falls, who, with some intermissions, preached here for three years. Then came the Rev. A. J. Stead from Estoria, New York, whose pastoral has just been dissolved. He yields the succession to Rev. D. W. Evans of Galena, Illinois.

The church has within itself many elements, which, with judicious management, will secure for it a large success. It has reached its

present prosperous condition by steady growth. The Methodists and Episcopalians once worshipped with the Presbyterians, and were aided in building their own houses of worship by the benevolence of this Protestant mother church of the city of Chippewa Falls. D. W. E.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Zion Church, Chippewa Falls, was incorporated August 27th, 1866, the Rev. C. H. Hendly minister in charge. At a somewhat earlier date, a few individuals who had been reared in the Protestant Episcopal church, and were greatly attached to her doctrines and services, felt a strong desire to organize a parish. Prominent among the few who labored for this result, were Mr. L. H. Brooks, now deceased, and his efficient wife, now Mrs. James Comerford, who ceased not their efforts until they were crowned with success.

Mr. Hendly remained only a short time, then the parish became vacant, and remained so until the first of May, 1860, when the Rev. R. F. G. Page, minister at Eau Claire, took charge. His ministrations were continued, though somewhat irregularly, for about two years, when the parish was again without a minister. At this time Mr. H. H. Todd, a zealous churchman, gave the parish lay service, and conducted the Sunday school with success.

On the first of June, 1873, the present rector, the Rev. W. L. Kern, took charge. Since that time the parish has been striving to add to their funds, principally through the well concerted plans and labors of the ladies. The result is a fine church edifice enclosed, in which the members hope to worship soon. The parish now numbers thirty-three communicants, and is an integral part of the diocese. It was formally received at the annual council of the Diocese in June, 1874.

* * *

SKETCH OF FIRST M. E. CHURCH.

The data for an exact early history of this church is not at hand at the time of this writing, but it is ascertained that as early as 1859 and 1860, in accordance with the plan of working of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Chippewa Falls formed a part of a circuit. The first preaching appointment was fixed at a school house about two miles east of town, in what is known as the Dorland District. The first pastor and organizer of whom we learn definitely, was the Rev. Thomas Harwood, who did an excellent work in gathering scattered christians into little societies or classes, thus laying the foundations for the future prosperity of the denomination. Mr. Harwood was followed by Rev. E. S. Havens, who made more effort at establishing

a preaching appointment at Chippewa Falls proper. Next came that energetic English pioneer, the Rev. John Holt, and labored faithfully his appointed time, but left with the opinion that Chippewa Falls was a rather hard field of labor.

The Rev. R. Cobban, now among the honored dead, followed Mr. Holt in labors not less faithful, and impressed himself upon the community as a studious, earnest, christian minister. The Rev. A. J. Davis was appointed to Chippewa Falls in the fall of 1865, and was re-appointed in 1866. Under his administration the little society acquired a title to a lot for a parsonage, on which he erected a small dwelling, mostly by the labors of his own hands. We find Darius Bresee named in the conference minutes as the next minister, and the year he spent in ministerial labors here was his last in the ministry. He was followed by Rev. E. E. Clough in the fall of 1868. Under Mr. Clough's administration the present commodious house of worship was erected and fully cleared of debt. An addition was also made to the parsonage. The church increased in membership, and Chippewa Falls for the first time became a "station," having weekly preaching, both morning and evening.

Rev. W. S. Wright, now Presiding Elder of the Chippewa District, was appointed to this charge in 1871. His administration was marked by a number of additions to the church, and the securing of a fine bell. He was succeeded by Rev. H. W. Bushnell, the present pastor, in 1873. The membership of the church, at present, including probationists, is not far from one hundred.

The seating capacity of the church building is three hundred. The enterprising Board of Trustees has recently bought a lot in the rear of the church at a cost of six hundred dollars, with a view of adding to the beauty and convenience of the grounds, and to provide room for future additions to the church. In common with other enterprises of the place, the management of the affairs of this church indicates faith in the future of Chippewa Falls. In the mind of this writer that faith has respect to something more than mere material growth and prosperity of the place. In definite terms, we expect the earnest preaching and living of an evangelical faith to produce its fruits in due season.

H. W. B.

Life in a Country Printing Office.

MISS MIRANDA DOBBS AND HER BROTHER HOPKINS, HAVING BOUGHT OUT A DEMORALIZED COUNTRY PRINTING OFFICE, START A NEW PAPER. IN THIS ARTICLE MISS DOBBS GIVES A DESCRIPTION OF THE MAKING OF THE FIRST ROLLERS, AND ALSO OF HOW SHE OBTAINED HER FIRST SUBSCRIBER.



HOP.

THE first form was ready for press before we discovered that we had no rollers. The one which Green, the late proprietor, had been using was as hard as a rock. He informed us that he "had used that yer roller for nine years," which accounted for the hardness. Hop went to work and made some "composition." He had never before had anything of the kind to do, though he had seen rollers made for years. I was as ignorant in the matter as himself. We had learned how to set type, roll and work press; but of making up forms, making rollers, and the like, he knew little and I knew less, though we both had a pretty good idea of how those things were done.

While Hop was preparing the composition I hunted up the mould. It was rusty, and filled with cob webs. I cleaned it as well as I could, and Hop proceeded to oil it.

"I have nothing but kerosene oil," he said. "We ought to have linseed or something of that kind, I guess."

"I don't believe that kerosene will do," I returned. "You'd better make sure that you do it right. Go and get something else."

"I'll risk the kerosene," he replied, dipping his swab into some.

I said no more then about the oil, but helped to prepare the mould, and to pour the "composition."

The next day we attempted to "pull our roller," but, though we pulled until we were both red in the face, not a line did we move it.

"This comes of your kerosene oil," I "snapped, panting between each word from sheer exhaustion.

We had been pulling upward on the roller. We now resolved to place the mould flat on the floor, I holding it in place, and Hop pulling horizontally. But holding that rough iron mould while Hop put out his whole strength to start the stubborn roller was anything but easy or pleasant work, especially as I was obliged to get down on my knees to do it.

"We can never get it out!" I cried in despair and weariness.

"Yes we can. I felt it start at that last pull. Now for 'a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together,' as some body or other once said. You pull your level best at that end and I will at this. Now!"

Both of us gave out all the strength we could command, and pulled in opposite directions.

"Coming!" bawled Hop at the top of his voice. Then, simultaneously his feet took the place hitherto occupied by his head, and I unintentionally sat down hard.

"I've got her!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, flourishing something in the air, while he lay upon his back.

As soon as I had got a little over the stunning sensation caused by sitting down so hard, I gave a glance at him and at the supposed roller. I was still too dizzy to see plainly, but somehow that roller didn't look just right.

"It's an awful small one," I said.

Hop gave a sudden glance at the article in question, then raised himself slowly to a sitting posture.

"I'll be eternally switched," he remarked with a doleful stare at me, "if we've pulled out anything but the core!"

Neither had we. The composition was all in the mould, as solid as ever.

I don't believe that a man's powers of endurance and his patience are equal to a woman's. Hop declared that we were "done for." We never could make a roller in that mould. He was going back to Crossroads to work for the "News" man, and the "Enterprise" might "go to thunder."

I told him to stop his jaw and go to work. I could make a roller, and I would. He sneered at that, but I hinted at his success as a local editor, compared with mine, and he suddenly became very busy.

But what a job was mine! I had to tear the sticky composition out of the mold with my hands.

"This stuff would never have made a roller anyhow," I remarked in no very pleasant humor.

"Better it," snapped Hop.

"I will surely do that very same thing," I returned with marked emphasis.

"Well, I can tell you that you will never get that mold cleaned, if you work till doom's day.

"That is simply your opinion," I responded aggravatingly.

I said to myself, "water dissolves glue and water dissolves sugar, therefore water must cleanse out this stuff." So I stopped up one end of the mold and filled it with boiling water, leaving it to soak while I set to work to make some composition, carefully observing the rules laid down in the "Manual" as I worked.

The hot water proved to be the needed dissolvent of Hop's composition, and operated to such a charm that I soon had the mold ready for use, and also the composition.

Hop did not volunteer his assistance in the preparations, and I was too spunky to ask for it, though I was considerably perplexed about getting the core into position.

The next morning, with many hopes and some fears, I saw my roller pulled. It was smooth, hard and elastic, and I was clapping my hands in triumph, when Hop began to "ya, ha, ha!" with all his might.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked, angrily. "Did you ever see better composition or a smoother roller than that, young man?"

"No," he returned, holding his sides, "but you didn't fasten the core down, and it swam. Half of the roller hasn't got any core in it. You will have to melt it over, sis."

Great tears of vexation started into my eyes.

"I saw how it was going to be when you was fixing it," he went on, "but I thought I'd let you work out your own salvation."

"You saw that I was spoiling a roller, at an hour when our paper should have been to press, and yet didn't even hint it," I said, so angry and surprised that I could scarcely breathe. "Hop Dobbs, if I have all the energy of the family, you have all the meanness."

Then I turned from him in contempt, and re-commenced work on my roller.

The next trial proved a success; a better roller I never saw. I have made many a one since, too; but two things I have been careful to avoid, viz: oiling the mold with kerosene, and letting the core swim.

As a consequence of our trouble with the rollers, the "Enterprise" was somewhat late; but we pronounced it "good" when it was out finally. We had deemed it best to make no canvass of the town until after we had a specimen copy with which to work, and we had not one subscriber to whom we might mail the paper. But we concluded to send a copy through the post office to every family in the town. How to get their names we did not know, until the town clerk suggested the poll list. This was a feasible plan, and we gladly accepted it. Every voter in the town received a copy of the paper. I thought that we could not be accused of partiality by this method. But careful as I was in this respect, I got into trouble thereby.

We issued our paper on Saturday, and on the Monday morning following, I was waited upon by a stout woman, whose threatening brow showed that something was wrong. I did not know but that she was one of those whom I mentioned in the locals, and I looked around for a chance to escape. But I had unwisely chosen for my sanctum a room which had only one door, and guarding that was the wrathful female. I measured her with my eyes. She was large and strong. She looked as if she might be able to wring my neck without half an effort. I wished for a pistol or a poker, or something with which to defend myself; but alas! my sissors and my composing rule were the only articles that met my searching gaze.

There was but one chance of escape for me; I must try to conciliate her.

Putting on my sweetest smile, I advanced as near as I deemed it safe, bade her a pleasant good morning, and asked her to be seated.

"O, yes," she said with a sneer, "you can be very nice to a woman you have outraged and insulted. But soft words don't heal insults, ma'am, and I am here to tell you what I think of you, and to take my satisfaction. Mary Shea a'n't to be insulted by anybody without resenting it."

I drew a long breath. Her name had not been mentioned in the locals, I was sure. But, to what she alluded, I could not even guess.

"Mrs. Shea," I said, "you are a stranger to me, and I cannot imagine in what way I can have insulted you. There must be some mistake, I am sure."

"No mistake at all, ma'am, You have deliberately insulted me. In fact, the finger of scorn has been pointed at me ever since your paper come out."

What could she mean? I looked at her in dumb surprise.

"O, you needn't put on that innocent kind of a look. I am a working female, but I am as good a one as you, if I do say it myself."

"So am I a working woman, and a pretty hard worked one, too," I returned. "I certainly had no desire to insult any woman, or man either, rich or poor, and I don't understand you at all."

"And you can stand there and say that you did not deliberately insult Mary Shea, that is meself, can you?"

"I can certainly, for till now I have been ignorant that such a person was in existence."

"Then what for did you send everybody else in town a paper except me, pray?" placing her arms akimbo and shaking her head threateningly.

A light flashed upon my benighted vision.

"I sent a paper to every voter," I replied.

"To every voter, hey? And I'd like to know if I a'n't as good as any of your voters? Don't I pay my taxes, as hadn't ought to and take care of my nine children? Don't I take care of my farm, and haul in wood winters?" Nuther do I get drunk and lay about saloons as your voters do. I am a good, honest, hard-working woman, and you'd a been twice as likely to git your pay if you'd sent your paper to me, as you will be from the louts you did send it to."

"My good woman," I returned, "I am exceedingly sorry; but it is the law, and not I, that is to blame. I am a stranger here, you must know. I designed sending a copy of the "*Enterprise*" to every family, but did not know how to get the names. The town clerk gave me the poll list. Your name was not there, and consequently I did not mail you a copy. How could I, when I knew nothing about you?"

"And didn't he mention my name at all?" she queried.

"He surely did not."

"The lying, deceitful lout! It was him as said to me 'Mrs. Shea, you not being a man, you wasn't considered as wanting a paper. The folks as prints that "*Enterprise*" don't believe in strong minded

women.' And he didn't mention me at all?" Surprise was taking the place of anger on her face now.

"He did not," I replied. "I certainly would have mailed you a copy of the paper, if he had. I now have the honor of presenting you one, hoping it will please you, and that you will use your influence in its favor. I need the help and encouragement of all, and I do not intend to slight any one, much less a sister woman who is struggling in the world, like myself, to make an honest living."

Her muscles relaxed, and a broad smile spread itself over her weather-beaten face.

"You're a lady, ma'am!" she exclaimed. "Give us your hand. There, now. I guess I'll take your paper. Here's a dollar for six months. I'll try it, and if I like it I'll take it longer."

So the "Enterprise" got its first subscriber, and so I missed a thrashing.

When she had gone, I went into the printing office, and not seeing Hop, I asked for him.

"Up there," said sister Chat, pointing to the scuttle-hole! "When that woman came in, swinging her fists and demanding the editor, he sent her to the sanctum, telling her that he was only a hand. Then he crawled up there. He was afraid of her. He said he knew she could whip him."

I broke in upon her information with a ringing laugh.

"Who was she?" asked Hop from above.

"Our first subscriber," I answered.

Hop came quietly down.



Schools of Chippewa Falls.

WHO, that used to go to school in the old log school-houses of twenty years ago, and sit on a high, backless bench, with his feet dangling in the air, while a teacher, scarcely wiser than the scholars, walked about with a long hickory switch in his hands, trying to keep order, but seldom succeeding, is not surprised when entering the clock-work institutions of the present day, to find what a rapid progress has been made in the direction of educating the young of our land. The writer remembers attending a school, when she was very young, where the seats were rough slabs, having four sticks stuck in auger holes for legs, one or more of said seats regularly breaking down daily, and sending a lot of little ones sprawling on the floor. There were scarcely two books alike in the whole school, and each scholar was a class by himself. We studied arithmetic there, but the teacher had not progressed beyond the fundamental rules, and fractions were as new to her as to us. We used to take the "answer" for a guide, and add, multiply, divide and subtract, until we got the right amount, regardless of all rules. How fast we did progress, too! We got nearly through the arithmetic in one term, and then were not a particle wiser than when we commenced, excepting the knowledge that we knew as much as the the teacher. There was a large girl in the school who possessed a Murray's grammar, and who made a pretence of studying it. We used to look upon her as a sort of a Solomon, though we are now convinced that her knowledge scarcely exceeded our own. Then how proud we were of our elocution! Once a week we "spoke pieces." The pictures that some of us made as we stood, straight and stiff, on the platform, repeating in a sing-song tone, as fast as we could enunciate, some little verse which we always got wrong, such as

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How you wonder what I are!"

remain in our memory to the present day. We recall them with a smile when we inspect the grand temples where the young are now educated, and we cannot help thinking a little spitefully sometimes, that if the succeeding generation is not smarter and wiser than the

present, there must be a retrograde movement in nature, somewhere.

In the following brief sketch, Dr. McDonald of Chippewa Falls gives an idea of the rapid advancement of the schools of the city and county.

“The interest taken by the people of this county, (Chippewa) in the matter of education is highly creditable to them. There are few counties in the state wherein a better feeling is manifested on this subject than in this. They are in general favorably impressed with its importance, and evince a willingness to assist in its progress. Five years ago there were but thirty schools in the county, as shown by official statistics published by authority. Now there are sixty-seven, making an increase, in this brief space of time, of thirty-seven schools. All over the county, the old log school houses, venerable for the many reminiscences connected with them, are rapidly disappearing, and in their stead appropriate frame buildings painted white, and well fenced, gratify the eye. The schools are well supported with the indispensable aids to teaching, while many of them have in addition, globes, maps, geometrical blocks, etc. In this county, efficient and able teachers receive ready patronage, and are well remunerated for their labors; in fact, few counties in the state pay teachers higher wages than in this, while in the majority of the others the pay is nearly one-third less. There are several graded schools in operation, and are doing good service.

“The second ward school of this city has Prof. E. S. Tilson as principal, a gentleman well known in the West as an indefatigable and successful teacher. Few have earned a better record as an instructor of youth than this same gentleman. He is ably assisted by a corps of lady teachers, all of whom are well qualified, and who in the performance of their several duties, give general satisfaction. The first ward school is superintended by Prof. Kiley, an old and experienced teacher. His assistants are Mr. P. Jennings and three ladies. These are also excellent teachers, and perform the duties assigned them satisfactorily.”

Chippewa Falls.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

A STRANGER, to look over the engraving of Chippewa Falls in the SKETCH BOOK, could hardly realize the fact that until a comparatively short time since, Indian wigwams stood and Indian councils were held on the very spot where handsome brick blocks are erected; that on the site of the Union Lumbering Company's store and office, where four hundred thousand dollars worth of merchandise is sold, and business to the amount of one million five hundred thousand dollars is done, the Sioux and Chippewas, in 1850, were drawn up in martial array, threatening to destroy the mill which was then owned by H. S. Allen, Esq.

Few places in the Union present better prospects, or have a brighter future. With a population of over six thousand, which is being constantly added to; with the best and most unlimited water power in the world, offering grand manufacturing facilities; with a quantity of enterprising, go-ahead, business men, pushing matters along; and the fact that it is the head-quarters of a majority of the loggers on the Chippewa river, it cannot fail to have a population of twenty-five or thirty thousand in another ten years. It is surrounded by a magnificent farming country, while the pine is almost inexhaustable.

The completion of the Eagle Rapids Improvement, which consists of a dam, piers, booms, etc., at Eagle Rapids, three miles above the city, making a reservoir capable of holding all the logs put on the Chippewa, makes this the head-quarters of all logging operations, and affords much greater security to the stock put on the river. Great losses have been sustained in the spring-time by floods, etc., sweeping the logs out of the river. In 1855, the entire stock of logs owned by Mr. Allen here, was swept down the river; and others sustained heavy losses. In 1872, the jam piers built by Pound, Halbert & Co., which were supposed to be invincible, went out in the August freshet, taking a good many logs

from here and other places below. The works at Eagle Rapids will remedy all this trouble, and make capital invested more secure. There is no possible contingency whereby a flood could damage property. The Eagle Rapids works are pronounced unexceptionable. A short distance below them commences the slack water of the Union Lumbering Company's dam, opposite Paint Creek, where there are innumerable heavy piers, booms, etc. Two miles below this is the dam across the Falls, which is also surrounded with stone piers, etc., thus affording every security possible for logs.

The Mississippi Logging Company, which puts in from fifty to seventy million feet of logs, which are floated down the river, makes its head-quarters here.

Chippewa Falls is the county seat of Chippewa County. It was made an incorporated city in 1859. It has the reputation of being orderly and well managed. There are two banks, the First National and Seymour's Bank. There are sixteen general merchandise establishments; three jewelry stores; four meat markets; two hardware stores; three millinery establishments; seven boot and shoe stores; eight lawyers; six physicians, and the usual number of other professions. The schools are excellent, and afford the best of educational facilities.

The completion of the Chippewa Falls and Western Railroad brings the city into uninterrupted rail connections with outside markets; and in the summer season there is good water connection with Wabasha, Winona, Dubuque, Hannibal, Muscatine, St. Louis, and all other points on the Mississippi river. All the lumber goes down the river in rafts, at the present time, but the indications are that a gradual shipment by rail will soon commence. As soon as that mode of shipment is initiated, more planing mills will be built.

The early history of the city of Chippewa Falls and of the county of Chippewa, is interwoven with incidents and occurrences that would make a very interesting book, and an evening spent in conversation with Mr. John Brunet, who first made a visit here, in 1832, to get out some square timber for the fort at Prairie du Chien; with Mr. H. S. Allen, who came in 1834; with Mr. William Carson and Mr. S. McCann, pioneers of 1837; or many of the others, who are numbered among the first settlers, is like glancing into the pages of a fascinating romance.

In this brief and imperfect sketch, of course, there is not room to enumerate or enlarge much of the past history. A brief mention of it is all that can be made.

SAW MILLS.

The Union Lumbering Company's mill, or as it was then known as the "big mill," was built by Hercules L. Dousman, of Prairie du Chien, and other members of the American Fur Company, under the superintendence of Mr. John Brunet, who is now a resident of the county, and some eighty-six years of age, having first come to Wisconsin in 1818. It had a capacity of sawing ten thousand feet in twelve hours. Dousman and his associates owned it until 1845, when they sold to Ben. Brunson and J. N. Bass. The next year H. S. Allen bought them out, and soon after other partners came in, and the firm of H. S. Allen & Co. was founded. This firm did business until 1855, when the Chippewa Falls Lumbering Company was formed with H. S. Allen, president, and John Judge, secretary. This Company failed in 1860 for about \$150,000. Heeson & Mahler then took it for one year. In 1861, Alin Randall took it for a season. Then came Pound, Halbert & Co., and Charles B. Coleman, who leased it for two years.

In 1864, Thaddeus C. Pound, Albert E. Pound and Thomas L. Halbert purchased the property of the assignee, and it was owned by this firm until 1868, when the Union Lumbering Company was incorporated, with Thad. C. Pound for president and A. E. Pound as secretary and treasurer, in whose hands the mill now remains. From a capacity of ten thousand feet per day, it has been enlarged and rebuilt, until it is now the largest mill in the world under one roof, with a capacity of three hundred and fifty thousand feet in twenty-four hours. The capital stock of the Union Lumbering Company is fifteen hundred thousand dollars, and embraces some prominent operators in Pennsylvania and New York. There are eighty thousand acres of good pine land attached to the property, amounting to seven hundred million feet of pine. Over three hundred thousand dollars have been expended by the company in building piers, booms and dams. A large building is used for a store, office, etc. The officers are: Thad. C. Pound, Chippewa Falls, President; D. M. Peck of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, Vice-President; A. E. Pound, Secretary and Treasurer.

The "Blue Mill" was built in 1840 by Arthur McCann and F. Thomas. It is now operated by the Badger State Lumbering Company, of which John Barron is president. Capacity twelve million feet per season.

Duncan Creek Mill, the site of which is now used by the Glen Flouring Mill, was built by J. Duncan in 1857.

Chippewa City Mill was built by Lockhart, Manahan & O'Neill, in 1852. It is now owned by L. C. Stanley, Fred. G. Stanley and Emory F. Stanley, who are also engaged in the mercantile business, under the firm name of Stanley Brothers. Capacity of the mill, four million feet per season.

Gravel Island Mill was built in 1862, by Bussy & Taylor; now owned by the French Lumbering Company, of which Louis Vincent is president. Capacity, ten million.

Jim's Falls Mill was built by Adin Randall, in 1860 and has been idle much of the time since. Rolson's mill was built by Charles B. Coleman, in 1865. It is now owned by John Robson of Winona. Capacity, fourteen million feet.

GRIST MILLS.

There are seven grist mills in the county, with a total of twenty-six stones.

HOTELS.

The first hotel was built by H. S. Allen, in 1857, on the corner of River and Bay streets, (the Tremont site) and kept by John Wehr, prior to which time the only place in the county where a stranger could get a meal, or a night's lodging, was at the Company's boarding house, or in "Battle Row," where nearly all the early settlers lived at different times. A saloon, known as the Black Grocery in those days, was kept running, and it is recorded that oftentimes two barrels of whisky were drank up in a single day. Indeed, it has been recorded that the mill would sometimes be shut down to afford the men an opportunity to go there and drink and gamble. The Allen House was burned some time afterwards, and the Tremont House erected. This was burned in 1871, and a second Tremont House, costing one hundred thousand dollars, and furnished with bath rooms, hot and cold water, steam heaters, etc., was erected. Last winter this fell a victim to the destroying element, and the ruins of the elegant building still remain in a chaotic state. This site has been an unfortunate one for hotels, and the probabilities are that the fatality which has attended it will deter any one from building a hotel there again.

There are now three good hotel buildings here, the Central and the Waterman Houses on Bridge street, and the Cardinal House on River street, all new buildings and conveniently situated.

CHURCHES.

The Catholic, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, Lutheran and Norwegian denominations are all represented in convenient sanctuaries.

The Catholic Church is the handsomest, having cost some \$40,000.

FARMING LANDS IN THE COUNTY.

The first farm opened near the city was in the year 1853. It is now owned by Arthur Gough, Esq. In 1855, the tide of immigration set in, and here are now some of the handsomest farms in the state. The county contains one hundred and fourteen townships. It was organized in 1855, with a population of six hundred. Its population in 1870 was eight thousand, three hundred and eleven. The valuation of its taxable property in 1872 was five million dollars. It is now valued at eight million, and has a population of about fourteen thousand.

The soil of the hard-timbered land is what is termed clay loam; that of the prairies is a rich, black, sandy loam. The surface of the county is generally quite level. Farming lands, both prairie and timbered, as choice as can be found in the West are here in great abundance. Vast quantities of winter and spring wheat are produced yearly; the average yield being twenty bushels per acre, which sells in any market as the best quality.

The average yield of oats to the acre is forty bushels, which in grade rarely falls below number one. Barley and rye grow equally well. Hay grows wild in great abundance, and yields an average of two tons to the acre. There is also raised in the county the first quality of timothy hay, the average yield being two tons to the acre. As for potatoes, the yield and quantity is unsurpassed, the average crop being about two hundred bushels per acre.

Wild fruits of all kinds grow in great abundance, and planted fruit trees, such as apples and the like, are thrifty. Stock raising is extremely profitable, the pineries creating a great demand for horses and cattle. There is also an abundance of sandstone and granite for building purposes. For a new country, the roads and public buildings are good. There are plenty of good school-houses, and the schools are well attended and well taught.

The home markets are very excellent, on account of the pineries, and the farmer can sell his produce of all kinds at home.

The county is well watered, the Chippewa river being navigable to Chippewa Falls, and besides this there are almost countless small streams and lakes abounding in fish of all kinds. The county possesses an abundance of the very best hard wood timber, affording excellent facilities for the manufacture of anything into which this material enters, such as wagons, carriages, barrels, farming-tools, etc.

REMINISCENCES.

During the early history of the county, and up to 1860, nearly all of the supplies used in the country were brought from below in keel boats, pulled up the river by twelve men each, six on a side. In those days, pork readily brought from thirty-five to fifty dollars a barrel, and lumber sold at five and six dollars a thousand. What wonder that the first lumbermen here lost money and became bankrupts?

The first steamboat that visited the Falls was in 1849. Its name has been forgotten. Subsequently the steamers H. S. Allen and Chippewa made regular trips until 1860, and at intervals afterwards, as long as it was remunerative. The navigation was good except at low water.

From Mr. Thomas E. Randall's interesting reminiscences of the Chippewa Valley, the following is clipped.

"In 1840, a party of Sioux were waylaid near the Red Cedar river, and entirely cut to pieces; and in November of the same year, a party of six, belonging to the opposite belligerents, was cut off in the same way. The following year, a large party of Sioux came up by invitation of the Chippewas to Eau Claire, where they held a friendly meeting, and smoked the pipe of peace. This was repeated in October, 1846, when one hundred and fifty braves, all mounted on ponies, went up to the Falls, thence to Chippewa City, and held a treaty of peace with their hereditary foes. Among them were the great chiefs, Wabasha, Red Wing and Big Thunder. Their first meeting took place at the Falls about sunset, and was rather informal, owing to some misunderstanding as to the place of meeting. The writer was present and heard a part of the Reception Address, and subsequently learned from Ambrose, one of the interpreters, the substance of what was said on both sides. The Sioux remained mounted on their ponies during the entire interview. The Chippewa chiefs were painted after their model indicating peace, and the head chief advanced towards their guests, with a large red pipe, made of stone from Pipe-stone mountain, in one hand, and in the other a hatchet, which was thrown with considerable force, so as to partly bury it in the earth; then raising the pipe to his mouth and taking a whiff or two, and turning the stem towards the Sioux chief, presented it for his acceptance. All this was done in silence; the Sioux chief received the emblem of peace also in silence, smoked a few whiffs, bowed respectfully as he handed the pipe, reined his pony one step to the right, and waited the next salutation, the substance of which was: "Friends, we are glad you have come; we are anxious to make peace with the Sioux nation. As you have seen us throw down and bury the hatchet, so we hope you are inclined to make peace." The Sioux chiefs then threw down whatever arms they held, and declared their purpose to

maintain permanent peace. They said their great father, the President, with whom they had never been at war, had requested them to conclude a lasting peace with the Chippewa nation; and although they had sold their lands on the east side of the Mississippi, they still wanted to hunt there, and was glad that in the future they could do so without fear. This was all done through interpreters, several of whom were present on each side, and closed every sentence they repeated with the expression of, "That's what we say." The delegation met a much larger number of Chippewa chiefs and braves the next day at Chippewa City, where the ceremonies were still more imposing, and a dinner was served of which both parties partook. These demonstrations were so earnest, and seemed so sincere, that outsiders really supposed that these hitherto mortal enemies had become fast friends. But in the summer of 1849, an event occurred that showed that one party to this treaty reposed very little confidence in the faith of the other. It will, however, be necessary to relate some intervening circumstances, before we reach this. During the summer of 1848, a wealthy merchant of Galena, by the name of Bloomer, sent some agents up the Chippewa to select a site for a saw mill, and immediately came on in person with a large force, and commenced operations. The site fixed upon was the lower chain of the Eagle Rapids, three-fourths of a mile below the present dam. The men brought along to execute the work, were mostly from the Wisconsin river, and at their head was the reckless and notorious Tim. Hurley, and another hard case by the name of Tim. Inglar, and several others of like temperament. To secure hay for the winter, some of these men were sent up on the meadows, in the neighborhood of Vanville, and hence the name Bloomer was given to the prairie and town. Before winter came on, Mr. Bloomer got discouraged and sold the things out to H. S. Allen, at the Falls, and the project of building a mill on Eagle Rapids, was therefore abandoned. Bloomer himself returned to Galena, but his men were all turned over, with the teams and supplies, to Mr. Allen, that is, if they chose to stay, which most of them did. Hurley was married, and built a house and saloon at the Falls, the first ever started in this valley, which soon became the head-quarters of every gambler and hard case in the upper valley. Among others, was a Frenchman, Martial Caznobia, who, on the fourth day of July, in this year 1849, with a crowd of these fellows, having inbibed pretty freely of "benzine," repaired to the wigwam of an Indian then camping at the Falls wherein the Frenchman attempted some liberties with the Indian's squaw, which were promptly resented. The Indian drew a dirk knife, and drove it to the handle in the body of the would-be violater of his home. The wound was a very dangerous one, bled profusely, and was thought the next morning to be positively fatal. It was Sunday morning, a great crowd assembled around; and at the Hurley House where Caznobia was supposed to be dying, some one raised the cry of, "Let's hang the

d——d Indian!" It was no quicker said than done. A rope was procured, and the crowd, headed by Inglar, made a rush for the Indian's residence; a noose was formed around his neck, the rope thrown over the limb of a pine tree, standing near the present site of the Union Lumbering Company's store, the weight of several of these desperate men was thrown upon the other end of the rope, and the body of the Indian soon dangled between heaven and earth, a lifeless corpse.

Mr. Allen was absent at this time, down the river, but on his return about three weeks after, he found great excitement, and threatening demonstrations on the part of the Indians, who had assembled at the Falls, to the number of 1,500, including all the chiefs in the entire nation. It was with great difficulty that the fury of such a throng of exasperated savages was restrained by their chiefs, until Mr. Allen's return. Only for their regard for Mrs. Allen and her family, and the timely interference of James Ermatinger and George Warren, it is possible that the mills and most of the buildings at the Falls would have been burned. This they threatened to do unless the murderers of their brother were surrendered to them. After much delay, and full explanations had been made in which the offenders disclaimed any intentional wrong against the Chippewa nation, that it was caused by whisky, and that they were sorry now, the chiefs and the braves became somewhat mollified, and agreed that the ring leaders only should be molested, and that they might be tried and punished according to our laws; upon which Tim. Inglar and three others surrendered themselves prisoners, and were placed on board of a boat to be taken to Prairie du Chien for trial. Eight Chippewa braves in two canoes volunteered to escort them down the river. But as the party approached that point on the Chippewa, "half a day's march from the Falls," alarm and terror seized the brave escorts, and nothing could induce them to go another rod, in such constant dread were they of the Sioux, who twenty months before had promised eternal friendship. The prisoners, however, continued their journey to Prairie du Chien, and surrendered themselves to the sheriff of Crawford County, to wait an examination; but as there was no one to appear against them, they were discharged. They took good care, however, not to be seen on the Chippewa again."

Other accounts assert that the friends of the prisoners started down the river ahead of them, until what was known as the "Neutral Grounds" was reached, where they dressed themselves up in Sioux style. Waiting the approach of the boat, the would-be-Sioux made their appearance, when the alarm was given, and the eight "Chippewa braves" at once started for the opposite shore and beat a hasty retreat. By this trick, the state was without evidence and of course the prisoners were discharged.

Dr. Alex. McBean was the first physician here, having come in

1856. Hon. H. L. Humphrey, the present popular Circuit Judge, was the first District Attorney. Patrick McNally was the first lawyer, and settled here in 1856. S. S. McCann was the first Justice of the Peace, having been appointed by Governor Dodge in 1847, and elected in 1854. His root-house was the first prison. H. S. Allen was the first County Treasurer, and Mose Ryan the first Sheriff. The first county order issued was for twelve dollars and sold for a half bushel of onions.

In 1853, a detachment of Sioux and Chippewa Indians had quite a skirmish near what is known as Barron's Mill, in which engagement quite a number of braves of both tribes found their way to the "happy hunting grounds."

In 1858, a desperado known as Bill Wiley, killed an Irishman at Frenchtown, opposite the Falls, owing to jealousies created over one of the dusky maidens of the forests. Wiley struck the Irishman with a hoe, while the latter was mixing mortar. The coroner's jury, with "Blue Tom" as justice, and two bottles of whisky on the table, had no trouble in finding that the deceased came to his death from natural causes. In fact, up to 1860, every man was a "Cain unto himself," and a terror unto every other man.

Mr. Randall thus describes some of the early dances here:

"As this year, 1856, marks a new era in the social condition of this valley, it may be interesting before taking final leave of the old regime, to speak more at length of its peculiar aspects. Without schools, churches, and literary culture, the elements of social intercourse are very much restricted in a neighborhood, especially where several races and nationalities are represented, balls being the only available resource from which all distinction of race, color, language, family, or worldly position are utterly banished. Every winter several of these were given in different localities, some of which were grand affairs; and having frequently attended with my family at these gatherings, I will try to describe a grand ball of that period. It required about all the women in the valley to afford an opportunity, by keeping them constantly on the floor, for every man to get a partner for a single cotillion set, and accordingly having sent out invitations to every settlement and family, the party giving the ball would send two men with a team and conveyance to every lady whose presence was considered doubtful, and to these it was no use to make excuses; she "must" go, and nothing short of severe illness would induce them to leave the house without her. One of the long dining halls of the mill company is cleared of tables and most of its benches, and a motley group are assembled, many of whom are the dark haired daughters of the forest, more, a shade lighter, are from Her Majesty's dominion of

Canada, a few from the Red River of the North, (now Manitoba), and the rest from all parts of the country; and while the the company are assembling, greetings are heard in half a dozen different languages, while an invitation to drink awaits every new comer of the men, and by the time the music strikes up, several are too far gone to take part in the enjoyments. A survey of the room discloses about three gents to one lady, so there is no danger of any one of the ladies drooping as a "wall-flower." It also discloses some half-dozen hard visaged men, mostly from the south, with revolvers and bowie knives, carried conspicuously about their person, and who are ready to rope in and fleece some unsuspecting new comer, or to pick a quarrel with some one against whom an old grudge exists. For several years, Dan McCann, "Old Dan," as he is called, was the only hope of any terpsichorean assembly, in this valley, as it was to the touch of his fiddle bow, that every light fantastic toe must yield active or passive obedience. He knew nothing of music as a science, but could play a number of marches, cotillions and one waltz, very well by rote, and woe to the hapless ball or party that failed to secure his indispensable services. A marked feature of all such gatherings was the perfect equality manifested between all parties, their perfect freedom from envy and heart-burnings on account of dress, family or other distinctions; in fact they were perfectly free-and-easy, and being about the only social recreation, were regarded with much favor by all parties, and exerted a very healthy influence, the only drawback being the presence of the black-legs, who sometimes made things lively by promiscuous shooting among the dancers and into the crowd, whenever a dispute arose at the gaming table and the opposite party took refuge among them. Such is the picture of the highest social enjoyment in the good old time."

The first burial place, here, was where A. S. Stiles & Co's upper lively stable now stands; the next, near L. C. Stanley's residence. The present cemetery was then used.

Up to 1860, pretty much all the logging was done by ox teams, horses being so scarce.

In conclusion, we wish to refer again to the engraving of the city and surrounding country, accompanying these sketches. The view was photographed by I. B. Galliher of Chippewa Falls, and engraved by Thomas Robinson of St. Paul, and is one of which those who have placed it before the public, may be justly proud, and one that has no need of any one's praise in order that it may be recognized as a work of art.—AN OLD SETTLER.

Lines to a Friend.

Our true friends we can seldom discover
In the number that claims to be ours,
When the bright skies are spreading all over,
And the way-sides are blooming with flow'rs ;
But when threatening clouds are descending,
Thus foretelling most terrible storms ;
When the darkness with daylight is blending,
And rude briars are piercing our forms.

You came not to my life in the glowing,
When the suns of prosperity shine ;
It was when the rude tempests were blowing,
And when sickness and sorrow were mine,--
When the shadows around me had thickened,
And I shivered in darkness with fear,--
When alone among strangers I sickened,
With none other to watch me, or cheer.

We are parting, it may be forever,
But my soul has a last wish for you :
In the journey of life may you never
Need a friend that is kindly and true ;
And when sickness with chains shall have bound you,
May your every need be supplied
By kind friends, that shall gather around you,
Though that pleasure to me is denied.

Many branches flow into Life's River,
And each leads through a different land,--
One may be where the orange leaves quiver,
And another where snows drape the sand,--
But we know that away toward the ocean,
All the waters are mingled in one ;
And somehow I must cling to the notion
That friends meet when the journey is done.—CONNIBEL.

Keep Your Word.

IT IS refreshing now-a-days to find a person who puts any great value upon his word; and we might say that it is not very often that we are thus refreshed. You would feel like annihilating me, if I should say in plain words, "You are not a person of your word," yet you make a dozen promises every day, that you never fulfill, and some of which you do not intend to fulfill at the time when you make them.

Perhaps you promise an acquaintance to attend to some matter of business. He waits day after day, and week after week, but still your promise is unkept, to his detriment, and though he may not say as much to you, he inwardly concludes that you are not a person of honor, and that he can never have faith in you again.

It may be that you promise to spend an evening with some friend, who waits in feverish anxiety for your coming, while you are making yourself company to some one else. The friend may be your wife, your sweet-heart, or an acquaintance, but whoever he or she is, you may be certain of one thing: you have spoiled the evening for that person; you have raised a doubt of your truthfulness in his or her mind.

There should be no excuse for breaking a promise made in good faith and believed, unless it is utterly impossible to keep it,—and that very seldom happens, much more seldom than the majority of us would like to admit. It is better never to make a promise than to break one after it is made. We have twice the respect for the man who will say honestly, "I will not," that we have for him who declares that he will and does not do it. It is better to wound a person, by a flat refusal, than to raise in his mind a doubt of your honor, and, at the same time, hurt him by your neglect.

I asked a man not long since, if his employer was reliable. "O," said he, laughing, "If RELIABLE means 'able to lie again,' then he is reliable." I afterward found that the man had made a just estimate of his employer's character. He could lie again and again, about as much as any person I ever knew.

It is wicked to lie to children, to break your promise to them, or to deceive them; yet parents and instructors of the young do all three without any compunctions of conscience whatever. It is a sad day when a child realizes that its loved father or mother, or teacher can stoop to a lie,—a sad day when a youthful mind takes its first lesson in deceit.

I recall an incident which occurred when I was a very little girl, not more than four years old, I think, and which cast a permanent shadow on young life. My mother had a servant, by the name of Martha Blanford, to whom I was very much attached. Martha delighted in making a kind of a pudding which she called a “toad”—a puffy mass when baked, and in this way only resembling its namesake. I asked her one day why it raised so high in the centre, and why she called it a “toad.” She informed me very gravely that she put a toad in the batter, and when the heat commenced to bake the dough, the toad began to kick, and so threw up the pudding in the centre. I believed every word she uttered, and I was disgusted beyond measure. I considered her both cruel and dirty, and accordingly found her rapidly falling in my estimation. I told my mother about it; she laughed, but did not contradict the statement. After that I refused to eat “toads,” until one day, when Martha was not noticing me, I watched her make one, and learned that a real toad was not used in it. I called her attention to the fact. She laughed, and said that she had forgotten to put one in. But the pudding was just as puffy as the others had been, and then I knew that she had lied to me and that my mother had countenanced her in so doing. It was a bitter lesson. I realized for the first time that my mother and Martha were not angels, as I had supposed they were. Even this early, I was doomed to see my idols fall.

A few years later, while my mother one day was picking over seed-beans, she came across a black one. It pleased me exceedingly, for it was the first black bean that I ever saw. I called it a “nigger bean” and asked her to give it to me. She did so with the remark: “You may plant it. It will raise more; next year you can plant what you raise this, and after a few years you can have a nice lot of them. You shall have all the land you want, so long as you will take care of them.” Had my mother realized what a persevering child I was, she would not have made such a promise, for she had only one acre of land in the whole garden, and half of that was set out to fruit trees: Well, I planted the bean, and then watched for it to

grow, feeling more happy than I can tell, when I saw the ground crack open and two green leaves, halves of that identical black bean, shoot upward into the pure air and beautiful sunshine. Then I watered it daily, and heed it often, until it rewarded my care by several clusters of purple blossoms, which soon changed into tiny bean-pods, fifteen in number. These grew and in time ripened, and were gathered in. I counted them, one by one, after I had shelled them. They numbered sixty-four. No miser was ever prouder of his gold than I of my black beans, or treasured it more carefully than I did them. I put them away until gardening time came again, when I demanded land enough to plant them in. My mother looked a little blank, but she let me have it. Fifteen hills they made in all. I cared for them as carefully as I had done the one plant, and in the fall I had more beans than I wished to count—about three pints in all, I think. The next spring, I was bitterly disappointed by being refused garden room for them. "What!" exclaimed my mother, when I demanded the fulfillment of her promise, "do you think that I will have my whole garden planted to black beans?" She offered me land enough for fifteen hills, but I refused it indignantly, and threw away the labor of two years in disgust, conscious that my mother had broken a promise made in good faith and implicitly believed by me.

To compensate me for my loss in the matter of black beans, my mother gave me a black hen, one with glossy, green-tipped wings, and a graceful top-knot. "Raise some chickens instead of beans," she said. "They will not take up so much room in the garden, and you shall have all you can raise to do as you please with."

I was much pleased with the hen, and petted it until it was very tame. Even this early in life, I liked the idea of working my own way in the world, and of having my own property. The hen laid thirteen eggs and hatched twelve chickens. I fed and petted the chicks, until they knew me, and liked me better than they did their mother. Whenever I went near them, the whole twelve would fly towards me and, alighting on my head and shoulders, would chatter like so many magpies; and I loved them as I would have loved so many little brothers and sisters, had the latter been mine. As they grew up, I discovered that there were three roosters among the number—fearless chaps that would fight in spite of all that I could do or say. I remember how I used to take a pair of them on my lap and talk to them; how they would watch for an opportunity to peek each other, even while I was telling them how naughty it was for them to fight;

and how I boxed their ears for their inattention to my advice. But in the fall, when the chickens were full grown, my mother began to talk about selling them. Sell them! I would as soon have thought of selling my little brother. Why, I thought more of those chickens than I did of myself. She soon found that they were not for sale. She then suggested the idea of killing the three roosters. Worse and worse! I looked at them to see if I could part with any one of them; but from Limpy that had had her leg broken by a rat, to young Top-knot, which was the picture of her mother, they were equally dear to me. I declared that I could not part with one of them. My mother informed me that they ate more than they were worth, and I did not contradict the statement, for they demanded more food than I could supply, notwithstanding I often divided my own meals with them. By pleading and crying, I managed to keep them until Christmas time, though I lived hourly in fear of losing them. Christmas Eve, I went to bed at the usual hour, but for some reason I could not sleep. It was not the vision of Christmas presents that kept me awake, but the fear that my pets were about to be murdered. At last, suspense became agony. I could lie there no longer. Springing from my bed, I rushed into the kitchen, only to retreat with a wild cry of anguish. My twelve beautiful chickens lay headless on the floor ready for dressing. I have suffered in later years from the unfaithfulness of friends, and by the loss of loved ones, but never more intensely than at that moment. It would be impossible to describe my feelings. It was one of life's first sad lessons, and young as I was, I grew weary of the the world's falseness and deceit, and wished to die. Had my mother realized how much of her child's love and respect she would lose by the act; how much I would suffer, and what a bitter lesson it would be to me, she would not have given the latter and brought about the former, for the sake of saving a few bushels of corn.

My experience when small is something of the experience of every trusting, loving child. O, parents, pause ere you teach your little ones the first lesson in deceit, and think if it cannot be put off a while longer. Soon enough their feet will tread the thorns, and find the miry places in life's path-way. Do not push them on to the one and into the other.

Do not deceive, or break your promises to any one. Make few promises, but what you do make write on the tablets of your souls, and review them hourly, lest you grow forgetful of them

There is too little sense of honor in the world—in all societies, in

all professions, in all trades ; yes, too little value put upon one's word by the individual himself ; too many hasty promises ; too many promises made with the intention of breaking them. From the ignorant clodhoppers who sell their honor for a glass of grog, up to those who sit and rule in high places, this failing is alike prevalent.—BELLA FRENCH.

New Productions.

THE whole Northwest is rich in vegetable growths, which are suffered to go to waste, because no use for them has been discovered. Taking it for granted that nothing is created in vain, we must believe that a large number of what are now called weeds, will be utilized in the future, and assist in contributing to the welfare of the human family. It would be a curious study to investigate the discoveries in this direction, in the past. Who first learned that flax could be made into a textile fabric, or that cotton could be used as a substitute ? And pushing our inquiries as to eatables, who first learned to eat tomatoes, and who had the courage to swallow the first oyster ? Within my own recollection the people of New England have learned to eat sword fish, pollock, and several other varieties of fish before discarded as worthless.

This article is, however, written in the interest of the farmers of this section, whose rank weeds may contain hidden treasures, which only require experiment and investigation to develop articles of use. In Nebraska, a weed has been recently found to be superior to hemlock or oak bark for tanning. We are not without hope that there is now growing, totally neglected, a plant that will supercede the Chinese tea, and it is only by experiment that it can be discovered. Then there are the milk-weeds, which may furnish us with substitutes for india-rubber, and the numerous and thrifty specimens of wild hemp, which only requires genius to place it in the market as a staple production. These articles are mentioned as a hint as to the probable direction to look for the developement of new productions, for with our rich and luxuriant growths, the possibilities are far beyond the range of present speculation.

No one will be likely to blunder upon any disclosure of this kind. It must be the result of thought, of reflections and actual practical demonstration. Let the intelligent farmers of the Northwest turn their attention to this subject, and who can tell the good that may result?—J. J. J.

Gems of Thought.

To know how to wait is the secret of success.

Don't fool with the business end of a wasp.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

The outer and inner lives of fashionable people are generally very like the parlors and back-door yards of hotels.

Belief is like love, it comes and goes before you know that you have it, or have lost it.

A storm takes the dust from the rose, lending new glory to its colors, so do tears purify the soul.

It is said that a glutton digs his own grave with his teeth. Most of the unhappiness of this world is born in people's stomachs.

If every word men utter fell to the ground and grew up a blade of grass most speeches would be worth ten times as much as they now are.

Better than fame is still the wish for fame, the constant trainings for a glorious strife.

The master of superstition is the people, and in all superstitions wise men follow fools.

It is more difficult, and calls for higher energies of soul, to live a martyr, than to die.

Chinese women shorten their toes; American women lengthen their heels. Such are different nations' ideas of beauty.

If you want to take number one spite on a man, make his wife jealous. She will do the business for you.

Whatever people have false about themselves, they expect to find false in other people, whether it be hair, teeth or virtue. This is considered to be a righteous judgment.

Men and women of brains do not often go into the show business, either for tailors, dress-makers or jewelers.

Women are mostly cowardly creatures. They are afraid to stay alone, afraid of harmless insects, afraid of the dark, afraid of their shadows, and afraid of each other ; but who ever knew a woman that was afraid to get married ?

OFFICERS ELECT OF CHIPPEWA COUNTY.—The directory being in press before the results of the late election were made known, the officers elected in Nov., 1874, for Chippewa County, are here given :
 County Treasurer, H. C. McRae. County Clerk, J. P. Hurlbut.
 District Attorney, J. S. Carr. Register of Deeds, A. Hoffman.
 Clerk of Court, A. J. Lockwood. Sheriff, Frank Colburn.
 County Surveyor, Wm. Baker. Coroner, Frank Schmidmayer.

In consequence of Ambrose Hoffman's having been elected Register of Deeds his Abstract of Title and Insurance Office, after January 1st, 1875, will be the room of the Register of Deeds, in the new court house at Chippewa Falls.



TWO EAU CLAIRE MEN VISIT A SCARE-AUNT, AND CONCLUDE THAT THERE MUST BE SPIRITS SOMEWHERE, FOR THEY FEEL THE "INFLUENCE."

THE AMERICAN SKETCH BOOK

Is a work that will be issued in monthly Installments.

Each installment will contain from fifty to sixty pages of reading matter, a portion of which will give a description of the advantages and beauties, with a scrap of the history of some city or town, illustrated by one or more full-page views of the place described, besides giving a directory, biographical sketches of prominent persons, etc., etc. The remaining pages will be filled with *choice literary* matter, comicalities, etc. Each number will be complete in itself, but twelve numbers, making a book of about 600 pages, with twelve or more fine engravings, will be a volume, and will be sold to subscribers for \$2.50 in advance. Single copies will be thirty-five cents each

A single line in the directory will be allowed each individual FREE OF CHARGE; for each additional line a charge of fifty cents will be made, and the same for inserting the single line in capitals.

Advertisements for each number will be taken at the following rates: One page \$12; half page \$7; one fourth page \$5.

All business men can see at a glance what a good medium it will be for advertising, as it will have a portion of its list ever changing.

Persons who will work up this matter in their respective towns will find it one of the best paying agencies offered, as no live man would object to paying thirty-five cents for an engraving and a valuable historical sketch of his own town, and the majority will want several copies to send to friends and to persons looking for locations. A good commission will be allowed, increasing with the amount of sales made by the agent.

To assist the work, if the necessary arrangements are made, the editor will deliver one or two lectures in any town interested, and will use the proceeds, exclusive of her traveling expenses, in obtaining engravings of views, &c., for the book of said place: the engravings to belong to the town after use.

For further information address: SKETCH BOOK PUBLISHING COMPANY, Drawer 123, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

THE UNION LUMBERING COMPANY LEAD THE VAN!

And offer to the people of Chippewa Valley the largest and best stock of goods ever brought to the Northwest.

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

We have on hand a beautiful assortment of Dress Goods, consisting of Black and Colored Silks, Irish, French and Japanese Poplins, French Merinos, Cashmeres, Empress Cloths, Sateens, Alapacas, Plaids, &c. A full and complete assortment of Shawls, Astracan Cloaks, Astracan Cloaking and Velveteens. A large stock of Furs, for both ladies and children that will defy competition.

NOTION DEPARTMENT.

Which comprises everything in the Notion line, such as Ribbons, Velvets, Laces, Lace Collars, Lace Handkerchiefs, Edgings, Embroideries, Buttons, Kid Gloves, Writing Desks, Stationery, Jewelry, Chignons, Braids, &c., &c.

BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT.

We have in this department one of the largest and best selected stocks of goods that can be found West of Chicago, such as Kid, Stoga and French Calf Boots, Lace Buttoned and Congress Serge Gaiters, Kid, Morocco and Bronzed Gaiters, Slippers, Carpet Shoes, Overshoes for Ladies and Men, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Rubbers; Misses' Children's and Infant's Shoes, Boot Packs, Shoe Packs, &c. Also a full line of

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,

Gold, Silver and Hair Chains Revolvers, Breech-Loading Target Rifles, Pocket Cutlery, Compasses, Pipes; &c., &c.

CLOTHING, HAT, CAP AND CARPET DEPARTMENT.

(SECOND FLOOR.)

Consisting of a full line of Fine Dress Suits, Business Suits of all grades and prices, a good assortment of Overcoats, Silk, Fur and Wool Hats, Caps, &c. French Broadcloths, Suitings, Beavers, Trecoes, and a full line of fancy Cassimeres. Largest Stock of Underwear and Gents' Furnishing Goods ever brought into the market. Carpets, Oil Cloths Blankets, Buffalo Robes, Horse Blankets, &c., &c.

CROCKERY DEPARTMENT

Our stock is full and complete, consisting of China and Glass Sets, Lamps, Plates, Tea cups and Saucers, Fruit Dishes. Egg Cups, Goblets, Tumblers, Chamber Sets, &c.

HARDWARE DEPARTMENT.

This stock is full in every particular, embracing everything in Shelf and Heavy Hardware, a splendid assortment of Silver and Plated Ware, Table Cutlery, Guns, Rifles, Powder and Powder Flasks, Shot and Shot Belts, Hammers, Nails, Saws, Tinware and Stoves.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

Embracing everything in that line, such as Coffee, Tea, Sugar Syrup, Spices, Canned Fruits, Butter, Cheese, Pork, Beef, &c.

In connection with the store we have a

HARNESS SHOP.

with first-class workmen, and a full stock of Trimmings. The stock we use is all Oak Tan, no Hemlock Leather used.

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